

LONG RIDE FOR A DOLLAR.

An Old Scotchman Makes a Cheap Trip From New York to San Francisco.

Three Weeks on the Road but His Native Shrewdness Gets Him Through.

In Jail Twice but not Without Friends, who Gave Him Many a Lift on the Journey.

James Hall is an old Scotchman, formerly well to do, but for the last year or two sadly "down on his luck," says the New York Sun. He made a small fortune in the grain and hop business in San Francisco, took his money home to Glasgow, and lost it. A year ago he made up his mind to go back to Frisco, and had just money enough left to pay his fare from Glasgow to this city. His wits and his countrymen, whom he encountered en route, then took him on his transcontinental journey, and three weeks ago he reached the Golden Gate after a series of adventures which he has quaintly put upon paper. He knocked about the metropolis three months before he got started on his trip. He says:

"My overcoat and ring had quietly gone down my oesophagus or gullet, along with the occasional dollar, and within I was not overfed; far from it, I was losing flesh every day. My quasi friends or correspondents were growing tired of me, and at last, one after the other, they would give a little with a look that said as plainly as if they said it in so many words, 'See here, we give you this, but that shuts the door.' Do you understand?"

"I got a start finally in the shape of a ticket to Chicago from a Scotchman whose sympathies were excited by his plight, and the Chicago Grain Exchange gave him another lift to St. Louis. 'At this point,' he says, 'began my very veritable struggle to get west.' I was asked by a gentleman to go down the Mississippi river 120 miles to his pavilion quarries. He thought he might get some work for me at Apple Creek. There was nothing. He left me sticking there. I walked up the bank of the giant river seven miles in the moonlight, and only fell into one 'slew' on the way, on the Missouri side. I came at last to a village where I stopped till morning. Then I got over to Grand Tower, Ill., by a Scotch engine driver, who had just come up on a service train to Murfreesboro. I found some good Scotch in this small town. I had a little money in my pocket, but preferred to keep it, and taking three empty cars on a train about to start from St. Louis, I jumped in, got into a dark corner and sat down to await results. I got as far as Waterloo, 110 miles, where the three cars were quickly shunted. This was my first ride as a 'bum,' but not my last. Twenty-two miles to St. Louis! Nothing daunted, after a good sleep I pedestrified it in six hours and twenty minutes to the post office. This gave me my first lesson and first experience of what was before me."

He succeeded in reaching Burlington by easy stages, and the Mounties there put him through to Omaha, where he was stranded for a month. Then a fellow countryman who owned a 1,000-acre ranch near Columbus gave him a lift to that town. Then he had to rough it.

"Columbus was too small to interest me. I walked out to Duncan and waited there for a freight train to pass. One came along soon. I saw a chance and jumped in. I was actually undisturbed and went straight until we reached Kearney—a two-hundred-and-forty-mile free ride! I was walking moodily along, wondering what was to happen next, when I happened to stumble into a store with a Scotch name over it. This, as luck would have it, was no other than the mayor's place of business. He calls in the marshal, who was on the door. 'Now, thinks I, 'T'm in for it.' He says, 'Give this man a good dinner and a train to the next division, viz., Plum Creek. And turning to me, says he, 'That's all I can do for you as mayor of these few shanties.' I never was more put out. I expected ten days."

He managed to scrounge together money enough to pay his fare to North Platte, where he found many Glasgow boys. "One engine driver says to me, 'Be at hand, and when the bell rings jump up and say by me.' I got to Julesburg, 150 miles from the Plate, very comfortably, the weather by this time being mild and delicious. I like to mention the engine driver's name, he was such a gentleman in the native sense of the word. He did not stop at Julesburg with his goodness, but hunted up the next conductor—engine—and engine-booster, changing his division—so I came along to take me along with him; so I made my first ride in a coach, and very comfortable it was from Julesburg to Cheyenne, nearly 200 miles, level and easy. The Union Pacific company's machine shops are being built here, and some of them were in full blast. You may guess, therefore, that I had little difficulty in crossing the paths of lots of Clyde laddies. Did you ever notice there is a more distinctive love of country—not so much patriotism as usually applied, but positive love of country—a thrill of the heart in the natives of small countries, such as Switzerland, Scotland, Ireland and Holland, more markedly than in the mountainous states? Well, two, but decidedly in the state all? Is it because the confines of the state is not too extensive to be enclosed within the grasp of the human heart, the whole nation seeming but as one family? In these circumstances I had no difficulty after two or three days in getting on to Laramie. I had only to wait till the right man came up.

"It was at Rawlins I had my next experience. Being thus left to my own resources at Rawlins, but also being determined to move west at all hazards, I got into a car loaded with harvesting machinery. I thought I was hidden and safe; but no. The brakeman, who sees me go in among the jugged arrangements, and when the train was in motion he came along the roofs of the cars and looked squarely down upon me. He asked:

"Have you any stuff?"
"Stuff" means money. I feebly and cowardly said "No." Then he said:

"You must get off next stoppage."

"Next stoppage I really did get off, but as he did not come to see that I had got off, and as the place was so weird and outlandish, as the train began to move I jumped in again, and ended by, however, walking along the roofs and looking so long at my terrorized and distressed eyes that I quailed at the sight of him. Didn't I tell you to get off at last stoppage?" Yes, and so I did get off, but, as you did not come along, I got on again, thinking you had repented of your harshness and would not set a fellow down in such a wilderness. "I'll see that you get off at the next stoppage." In about three-quarters of an hour the engine whistled. The train stops. I prepare to descend; he comes along. "Nay, come along. Out you go, you old bungo, I never saw naught like this place was dreamt in the extreme. A huge round water tank, at which the engine was imbibing the necessary fluid—and nothing more. The pump shanty, about half a mile away was the only other object to be seen. I lay down by the tank and watched the train till it disappeared. Shortly I gathered myself together and began to tramp along after the

train. In about seven hours I reached a station. There I boarded a freight and reached Green River undismayed. I managed to get a small dinner there, and boarded the next freight train. I gave the brake-wheel stuff I had and thus reached Ogallala.

"My clothes had become ragged and way-worn, and I feared I would soon be spotted. As I loitered, on the second evening I was tapped on the shoulder. 'Have you any home here?' 'No. I am passing through. Have you any bed for to-night?' 'Not yet.' 'Come with me and I shall find you one.' I knew where. Next morning \$10 or ten days. When inside I learned that the authorities (Mormon) sanction and condone such flagrant acts of tyranny for the sake of getting free labor for road grading, so that they may be able to pocket more of the public money themselves. I believe this accusation to be true. They say one can't come to Ogallala with shabby clothes but he must go back to the bars."

"The evening I got released I went to the manager of the Central Pacific railroad and, though late, luckily found him in his office. I asked a pass on account of the office. I knew the great number of car loads of barley I had in former days sent over his line. He recollects my name and admitted my claim, but told me that now it was wholly impossible, owing to the rigorous nature of the interstate law passed some years ago. The fine for any fracture of that law was very heavy and strictly imposed."

Hall managed to reach Salt Lake City partly on foot and partly by rail. There he was "jugged" as he expressed it, once more, but he seems to have enjoyed the experience. "I positively refused to go out to work, and somehow my bearing carried me into requisition. Beyond some trifling work in doors I had nothing to do but to eat, read and sleep, all these comforts being allowed; and splendid food we got three times a day. The whole of the boys were taken by the jailer out of the corridors and cells into a dining room, armed with a fork and spoon the work was done genteelly. Not time to what we might eat. On Sundays the table was handsomely furnished. I was a deal better for the food and the rest—good, clean beds to lie on, too. What more could a man wish in this vale of tears."

"This long yarn draws now to its close. After I got out—not a bit ashamed of having been in—I went and saw a Scotch Gentleman. He saw through my rags and pitied me. He gave me an order for a complete outfit. He did not even limit me to any sum, and he did all in such a way as to prevent my finding my downward state of thinking that he was doing anything. After he saw me transmogrified from a 'bag' to a gentleman, as it were, he bolted across the street without saying a word, and soon brought back a ticket—first-class—Salt Lake City to San Francisco. I called him and to Trimont, after several stops at the hotel, where I got a room. I almost had to use the words to my friend, 'An hour before I was naked—he clothed me.' The Nevada desert was before impossible, for to get on a car at Ogallala in my former state was a thing impossible. The desert was overbridged; I reached San Francisco all safe."

The Verdict Unanimous.

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